THE REPORTER'S DREAM.

Its Splendid Mendacity Dazed the Editor and His Friend.

The editor had worked off the Egyptian chestnut of the philosopher who accidentally tipped over a small water bottle just as he dropped asleep and after dreaming a forty-eight column dream awoke to find the water not yet all run out.

I had told my famous story of the man who was overcome by slumber just as the clock was striking midnight, dreamed a long, complicated dream that took him half the next day to tell to his junior clerk, who couldn't get away, and awoke to hear the last three of the twelve strokes.

Cooper had sat silently listening, but now he braced himself up manfully, and, with a look of desperate resolve, he began:

"I had an even more wonderful experience than those you have been relating, gentlemen, myself. I had been out interviewing strikers, and when I got into the office and handed in my last bit of copy I was dead beat out. I dropped into this chair and was asleep before I struck the cushion.

"I straightway began to dream. I lived a whole lifetime, from a little babe to old age. Every step of my education, every difficult lesson, was reviewed in detail, even to intricate geometrical problems. I fell in love, courted and married three different girls, committed a murder, lived through every incident of a long trial and served a sentence of twenty years, every day of which was distinct and full of minute incidents of prison life.

"I sailed on a three years' voyage around the world and in the last month of the last year was wrecked on a desert island, captured by cannibals, nearly crushed by a boa constrictor, rescued by the Russians, only to be sentenced to Siberia, from which I escaped and wandered through the arctic regions for months, did splendid work as a reporter on a morning newspaper for several years, and the editor was just going to make me his assistant when I suddenly awoke.

"Some one had placed a pin in that chair, and I had dreamed that entire dream between the instant when I started to sit down and when I struck that pin."

And the editor and I arose, put on our coats in beaten silence and went home to bed.—Stray Stories.

Electricity In Fish.

Not the least remarkable of the members of the finny tribe are those which secure their food by means of the electric batteries with which nature has fitted them. The best known of these is the gymnotus, or electric eel, of South America. It possesses four batteries, which extend nearly the whole length of its body. The current passes from before backward and, remarkable to relate, extends through the animal's own brain. Large ones (they grow to six or more feet in length) have been known to kill a horse or a mule outright with a single discharge.

The thunderfish (malapterurus), one of the catfishes, found in Africa, which even in ancient times was highly recommended by the doctors for certain troubles, and the torpedo, or electric ray, which latter exhibits all the known powers of electricity, rendering the needle magnetic, decomposing chemical compounds and emitting the spark, are the other electric fishes that secure their daily food in this remarkable manner.—Chicago Tribune.

FIRE ISLAND.

About the Worst Section of the Atlantic Coast For Wrecks.

No other section of the Atlantic coast line, not even the shores of Cape Cod, Nantucket and Block island, can offer a record of disaster surpassing the roll of shipwreck and death which is inscribed on the shifting sand dunes of Fire island.

For the last 250 years vessels have been going ashore on the beach, and every now and then you come upon their bones, rearing up gauntly out of the sand. Of course the great majority of the wrecks have gone the way of all things earthly. But the sight of half a dozen huge timbers projecting from the face of a dune, making an ideal shelter for a brief rest, suggests reminiscences of a tragedy of the past. Occasionally, too, the waves wash up some odd relic that the sands have been toying with for generations, and the old inhabitants of the coast, standing at their cabin doors, with shaded eyes, will point up and down the dreary perspective to the places where ships and steamers and any number of other gallant craft came to grief on the sands.

There are a peculiar charm and attraction about Fire island beach that are only to be accounted for by its desolation and the grim events connected with its history. This does not apply to the settlement clustered about the lighthouse and the observation towers, but to the long stretches, monotonous in their apparent sameness, that run eastward toward the sheltered waters of Shinnecock bay. It is almost unbelievable that such a barren, primitive landscape can be found within fifty miles of New York city.

At certain seasons of the year you can walk for hours and never see a human being. The only noises that break in on the solitude are the twittering calls of the sandpipers that flit overhead. At distant intervals faintly marked trails lead up the lows and bluffs inshore, tending toward the huts of lonely baymen, tucked away in the shelter of the dunes, scantily clad in dune grass and underbrush; otherwise, save for the wreckage that clogs the beach, you would not be aware that human beings existed anywhere. The sand covers everything, obliterating footprints as fast as they are made.

All the flotsam and jetsam of the sea come to Fire island. Bits of woodwork, parts of small boats, hatches, spars, balks of timber, water casks and chicken coops, bits of all sizes, from a matchbox to a derelict's shattered hull, are washed over the oufer bar. If the ghosts of all the ships whose bones have been bleached on Fire island sands could be mustered they would tell the country's maritime history in chronological order.

Bluff nosed Dutchmen out of Amsterdam, stout English ships from Hull and Plymouth town, rangy Frenchmen, stately Spaniards, like the last victim of the beach, and many a goodly Yankee crew have listened to the thunder of the breakers and seen the white sand through the spray, stretching for miles beyond their ken, bare of human soul. But that was in the days before the establishment of the life saving service.

Many a storied ship has met her fate on Fire island beach. Merchantman and privateer, frigate and slaver, coaster, fishing schooner, yacht and liner have pounded themselves apart on the treacherous bar that scarcely shows beneath the gentle swell on a pleasant day. A rapacious destroyer, Fire island.—New York Post.

It Might Be Either.

A bony, lank village youth of artistic bent, who was sniffed at by his fellow natives, finally disappeared from his usual haunts. He was missed chiefly because his peculiar personal appearance was bound to attract attention wherever it was exhibited.

No one seemed to know whither the lad had gone till the storekeeper, returning from a visit to a nearby city, announced that he had discovered his whereabouts.

"I found him," he proclaimed. "He was in the art museum."

"As a curio," inquired one, "or as an object of art?" — Youth's Companion.

His Fatal Slip.

"Madam," said a benevolent looking man as he raised his hat to a lady who had opened the door at which he had knocked, "I am soliciting subscriptions for a home for necessitous children. We have hundreds of poor, ragged, semicivilized children, like those at your gate, and our object is"—

"Sir, those are my own children!" And the front door was slammed violently.—London Mail.

THE BOWERY.

New York's Famous Street Gets Its Name From a Home.

New York city's great east side thoroughfare gets its name of the Bowery through an ancient lineage that has come down through some 10,000 years, from the time of our Aryan ancestors, who planted the root that has grown into the well known name.

At the head of that street stood the home of Peter Stuyvesant, the Dutch governor of New Netherlands, and it was known as Stuyvesant's Bowery, which was another name for Stuyvesant's home, the grounds of which stretched southward toward Chatham square.

The growth from the Aryan root was simple enough, for it was only the expansion of "bu" into "bowery." This root "bu" meant to grow, dwell, be, become or build, so we see how "bower" and "bowery," carrying the idea of a home, naturally grew from it. When that root "bu" began to grow there was no such thing as a collection of houses into a city or even a village, but where our ancestors lived was among the shades of forest growths, where branches and leaves were builded into coverings that became homes.

This word "bowery" came directly to us through the Anglo-Saxon "buan," which meant to dwell. They also had the word "bur," which signified chamber, a covering in which to conceal or cover yourself, and from this Anglo-Saxon came our middle English "bower." In the Dutch, as it was used in New Netherlands in Peter Stuyvesant's time, it was "bowery."

The same root went into the Sanskrit and became "bhu," which meant to be, to exist, or the place where you were or lived, and from that came "bhav-ana," a dwelling house.

The Anglo-Saxon "bur" went into the Icelandic, meaning a room, and into the Swedish, where it is used for cage. It appeared in the lowland Scotch as "byre," a cow house. So in all of the family of languages it came to mean a covering, a protection, a dwelling or a home, and where the last Dutch governor of the New Netherlands lived came to be known as his bowery and later the Bowery.—New York Herald.

LAZY STREET.

A Breman Legend of the Seven Sons Who Never Worked.

There is a short, quaint street in Bremen the name of which embodies a legend. The story of "Faulenstrasse" comes within the range of possibility, and perhaps the title really did have some such origin as is attributed to it. The late Bishop John F. Hurst tells the legend in "Life and Literature In the Fatherland."

Once the thick forest grew where the street now runs, and the trees were old, large and strong.

On the edge of this wood lived an aged couple who had seven sons, all big, strong and lazy. Indeed, the boys were drones, and the neighbors said when the brothers passed, "There go the idle seven." Every one laughed at these big lads who never worked. At last the brothers grew tired of being mocked. Said one angrily:

"We cannot go out of the house without even the children coming up behind us and pulling our coats and crying, 'Lazy fellows!' Let us go to work."

At first the six other brothers laughed at this proposition, but finally, wearied of the neighbors' taunts, they concluded to earn their livelihood. They told their father of their resolution, but he smiled scornfully.

"You have been idle too long to be industrious," he said.

The boys persisted in their assurances, however, and at last the father said:

"If you are really determined to go to work I will give you each a sum of money in gold and a new suit of clothes. But first you must give me proof that you are in earnest. You must each procure an ax and a spade and, carrying your ax on your right shoulder and your spade in your left hand, walk in procession through the streets of Bremen."

At first the young men shook their heads, but finally they accepted the test. The people all came to their doors to see the strange procession go by. "The world must be coming to an end," they said.

The father kept his promise, and the boys took their money and their clothes and went off. They wandered far, worked, persevered and acquired property. Years passed away. Many comforts came to the little home in the woods, but the sons never appeared.

One beautiful spring morning the citizens of Bremen were astonished to see seven well dressed gentlemen, each carrying an ax and a spade, marching in procession through the city streets. There was much curiosity and also great excitement when it was found that the "seven idle sons" had returned.

A beautiful house was built where the little home stood, and the old people were surrounded with every luxury. No road ran to that part of the woods from the town, so the brothers built a broad way with their own hands.

"What shall we call our street?" they asked each other when it was finished.

"Much of our lives has been spent in idleness," said one. "What we have lost we can never get back. Let us warn young people who are inclined to be lazy. We will call the way Faulenstrasse, or Lazy street."